

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then,  
I could not finde him at the Elephant,  
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,  
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,  
His counsell now might do me golden seruice,  
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,  
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,  
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me  
To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't  
That is decciueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter *Olivia*, and *Priest*.

*Ol.* Blame not this hate of mine: if you meane well  
Now go with me, and with this holy man  
Into the Chantry by: there before him,  
And vnderneath that consecrated rooffe,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
That my most iustious, and too doubtfull soule  
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keepe  
According to my birth, what do you say?

*Seb.* Ile follow this good man, and go with you,  
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

*Ol.* Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,  
That they may fauely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

*Fine Actus Quartus.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Clowne* and *Fabian*.

*Fab.* Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

*Cl.* Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Cl.* Do not desire to see this Letter.

*Fab.* This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire  
my dogge againe.

Enter *Duke*, *Viola*, *Curio*, and *Lords*.

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

*Cl.* I fir, we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how doest thou my good  
Fellow?

*Cl.* Truly fir, the better for my foes, and the worse  
for my friends.

*Du.* Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.

*Cl.* No fir, the worse.

*Du.* How can that be?

*Cl.* Marry fir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,  
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my  
foes fir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my  
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if  
your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why  
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Du.* Why this is excellent.

*Cl.* By my troth fir, no: though it please you to be  
one of my friends.

*Du.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

*Cl.* But that it would be double dealing fir, I would  
you could make it another.

*Du.* O you giue me ill counsell.

*Cl.* Put your grace in your pocket fir, for this once,  
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Du.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double  
dealer: there's another.

*Cl.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde  
saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex fir, is a good  
tripping measure, or the belles of *S. Bennet* fir, may put  
you in minde, one, two, three.

*Du.* You can foole no more money out of mee at this  
throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak  
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my  
bounty further.

*Cl.* Marry fir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-  
gen. I go fir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that  
my desire of hauing is the signe of couetousnesse: but as  
you say fir, let your bounty take a nappie, I will awake it  
anon. *Exit.*

Enter *Antonio* and *Officers*.

*Vio.* Here comes the man fir, that did rescue mee.

*Du.* That face of his I do remember well,

yet when I saw it last, it was besmeard

As blacke as *Vulcan*, in the smoake of warre:

A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,

For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,

With which such scathfull grapple did he make,

With the most noble bottom of our Fleete,

That very enuy, and the tongue of losse

Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

*1 Off.* *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*

That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,

And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,

When your yong Nephew *Timo* lost his legge;

Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindnesse fir, drew on my side,

But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Du.* Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,

What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere

Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* *Orsino*: Noble fir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:

*Antonio* neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,

Though I confesse, on base and ground enough

*Orsino's*emie. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ingratefull boy there by your side,

From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:

His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde

My loue without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake,

Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)

Into the danger of this aduers Towne,

Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing  
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,  
Which I had recommended to his vs,  
Not halfe an houre before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Du.* When came he to this Towne?

*Ant.* To day my Lord: and for three months before,

No *intrin*, not a minutes vacancie,

Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter *Olivia* and attendants.

*Du.* Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes

on earth:

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,

Three monethes this youth hath tended vpon mee,

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Ol.* What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,

Wherein *Olivia* may seeme seruiceable?

*Cesario*, you do not keepe promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam:

*Du.* Gracious *Olivia*,

*Ol.* What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

*Vio.* My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

*Ol.* If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,

It is as fat and fullome to mine eare.

Ashewing after Musicke.

*Du.* Still so cruell?

*Ol.* Still so constant Lord.

*Du.* What to peruersenesse: you vnciuill Ladie

To whose ingrate, and vnauuspicious Altars

My soule the faithfullst offerings haue breath'd out

That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

*Ol.* Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him

*Du.* Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)

Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death

Kill what I loue: (a sauage ialousie,

That sometime sauiours nobly) but heare me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That scrowes me from my true place in your fauour:

Live you the Marble-brested Tyrant still.

But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,

And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deere,

Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,

Where he sits crown'd in his matters spight.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,

To spight a Rauens heart within a Dove.

*Vio.* And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

*Ol.* Where goes *Cesario*?

*Vio.* After him I loue,

More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,

More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.

If I do feigne, you witnesses about

Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

*Ol.* Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

*Ol.* Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

*Du.* Come, away.

*Ol.* Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

*Du.* Husband?

*Ol.* I Husband, Can he that deny?

*Du.* Her husband, firrah?

*Vio.* No my Lord, not I.

*Ol.* Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee feare  
Feare not *Cesario*,  
Be that thou know  
As great as that th

O welcome Father  
Father, I charge th  
Heere to vnfold, th  
To keepe in darke  
Reueales before t  
Hath newly past, b

*Priest.* A Contr

Confirm'd by mut

Attested by the ho

Strengthened by en

And all the Cerem

Seal'd in my functi

Since when, my w

I haue traual'd bu

*Du.* O thou di

When time hath fo

Or will not else thy

That thine owne r

Farewell, and take

Where thou, and I

*Vio.* My Lord,

*Ol.* O do not sw

Hold little faith, th

*En*

*And.* For the l

sently to fir *Toby*.

*Ol.* What's the

*And.* Has bro

*Toby* a bloody Co

helpe, I had rather

*Ol.* Who has d

*And.* The Cou

him for a Coward

*Du.* My Gent

*And.* Odd sh

for nothing, and t

*Toby*.

*Vio.* Why do

you drew your sw

But I bespake you

*And.* If a bloo

me: I thinke you

Heere comes fir *T*

he had not becom

other gates then h

*Du.* How now

*To.* That's all

Sot, didst see *Dic*

*Cl.* O he's dr

were set at eight

*To.* Then he's

hate a drunken ro

*Ol.* Away wit

with them?

*And.* Ile helpe

gether.

*To.* Will you

a knaue: a thin fa